DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE

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THE PYRAMIDS.

We sometimes hear of men preparing their monuments before death, and of others who have the excessive forethought of having engraved thereon the epitaphs, leaving blank only the dates of death. But all other arrangements in view of death are insignificant beside those of the Egyptian Monarchs of five thousand years ago. The first act of an Egyptian Monarch was to begin to prepare what he would call his future eternal abode. For this purpose he would have hollowed in the rock a shaft the size of the intended sarcophagus, or stone coffin, inclined downward so that the sarcophagus might be lowered with ease, and at a convenient depth a chamber was excavated out of the solid rock. Over this chamber a mass of solid masonry of stone or bricks was built, leaving the orifice of the shaft open. As long as the monarch lived additions were made to this mass, both in height and breadth, and by layer after layer of blocks being raised on the outside, and at his death the sides were smoothed off and the tomb was completed. Thus the longer a king reigned, the larger his tomb. The largest and most famous pyramid is that of Cheops, which was built four hundred and eighty feet nine inches high, and at the base was seven hundred and sixty-four feet square. Here the granite sarcophagus of the King Cheops was laid. It was seven feet six and one-half inches long, three feet three inches broad, and three feet five inches high. On the death of the king his body was embalmed and laid in it, and the entrance closed with huge masses of granite and a wall. For between thirty and fifty years a hundred thousand men were employed on this huge monument and sepulchre, and still after all this care it was not the eternal abode of King Cheops. The stranger found an entrance and carried off the mummy and all that was valuable about it. King Shapo's pyramid, the second in size, measured originally four hundred and fifty-four feet three inches in height, and seven hundred and seven feet nine inches on the sides. The third pyramid was only three hundred and fifty-four and one-half feet square and two hundred and three feet high. It was explored in 1837 by Col. Vyse who discovered several apartments, in one of which he found a mummy case bearing the name of King Menkara and the body of a workman. The two mummies are now shown together in the British Museum.

WHAT THEY LIVED ON.

Twenty-one years ago it was supposed that persons could live for a certain length of time upon alcohol, and one of the hardest nuts we have had to crack has been to meet this statement. It was very common to give to persons weak and feeble wine and strong drink, and they lived upon that, as it seemed, so well that nobody could be convinced for many years that this was not good in certain cases of weakness and exhaustion and want of other fluid. As we have thought over the matter the facts have come out, that what is most wanted by these starving people, that which keeps them alive, is not the alcohol but the water that is co-mingled with it. This person who is said to take a bit of rusk, and with that so much gin and water or champagne, has not been living by virtue of the alcohol or spirit, but by virtue of the water that has been taken with that limited fare, and we have come to a positive conclusion and knowledge that a man may go on for days and weeks, and may live as it were upon himself, if you will simply supply him with a sufficient quantity of water. Take the case of the Welsh miners. They were placed in a cell, away from all the world for many days, and deprived of all food. If they had had as much as a few ounces of brandy, only an ounce per man, all those who are opposed to us would have cried out, "Behold, what a little quantity of alcohol has done;" but, as if the experiment had been intended for the scientific development of our cause, there was not a drop of anything containing spirit among them, but there was in that dark cave at the feet of these imprisoned men a little spring or rill, and they laved at that, and drank it, and upon that they lived through long trial. They lived comparatively well, and they came out almost unscathed—a proof beyond any that could be brought to light by experimental research, that it is possible to live for a long period of days under the greatest imaginable excitement and anxiety of mind, in the greatest possible melancholy, on this one fluid which has been distilled in the rivers and in the clouds for our use and for our life. I have myself known an instance where for fifty-three days life has been maintained solely on water. To those unfortunate people who for some reason or another are unable to take food at all, and who can only drink small quantities of fluid, there is nothing so injurious as the administration of stimulant in any form. For months they will live on water and milk, and live a comparatively comfortable life, but touch them with this stimulant, make the waste go on faster, make their hearts beat quicker, and then directly they are as if they had had to perform a work of labor for which they had no strength. These people who are said to have lived on alcohol have in reality lived on the water in spite of the alcohol.—*Dr. Richardson.*

MONEY WELL SPENT.

"The first piece of money I ever had," said a gentleman, showing us into his library, "I spent for a book. It was the Pilgrim's Progress. I well remember how pleased I was. The pictures, the reading, the blank leaves, were mine, and my name was written on one of the blank leaves at the beginning. That book laid the foundation of my library. All the pennies my uncle gave me I saved for books. Every book I bought I longed to read, and that prevented my time as well as my money from being wasted; for the books which I bought I consulted old friends about, and they were worth reading. And I would say to every boy and girl, do not foolishly spend all your pocket money in other things, but lay the foundation of a good library with it. 'Good books are wise and faithful companions.'" —*Visitor.*

ON THE ROCK.

"I recollect," says Spurgeon, "an anecdote of James Smith. He visited one of his members who was dying. He said to her, 'You are ailing.' 'Yes,' said she. 'Do you feel sinking?' She replied, 'What did you say, Mr. Smith?" He asked her whether she was sinking. She said, 'No! my dear minister! never ask such a question of a child of God. Did you ever know a sinner sink through the rock? If I was standing upon the sand, I might sink; but I am upon the Rock of Ages!'"

Temperance Department.

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER III.

"Birdie, Birdie, I am so unhappy, I don't know what is the matter. If I hadn't you I don't know what I should do. Let's go to the window among the flowers, Birdie, and you can look out and I can feel the sunshine on my face. Oh, Birdie, I don't know why papa doesn't kiss me any more; ever since that New Year day, when I thought he was sick, he hasn't seemed like my darling papa; why, he is real cross to me sometimes, and this morning when I went up to him, and put my hand on his arm, he pushed me away; oh, Birdie, Birdie, what shall I do?" and the lonely little girl leaned her head against the window, and still pressing her feathery friend to her cheek, sobbed aloud.

"What! crying, my little Rosa, crying!" and Uncle George, who had this time entered the room unheard even by her quick ear, put his arm around the unhappy little girl and drew her to her favorite seat, close nestled in his arms.

"Why, Rosa, darling, what makes you unhappy?" said her uncle, now roused to sympathy at the sight of her tears; "tell Uncle George all about it, and perhaps he can help you to make everything right; tell me, darling, and then I will tell you something."

Thus encouraged, the little girl poured into his ready ear a tale of all her troubles; first and greatest of which was the apparent loss of her father's love. Mr. Newton did not know how to answer her; too well he knew that the demon which was so gradually and surely taking possession of his poor brother-in-law, was as surely and gradually driving from his heart all the finer, softer feelings of his nature.

He quieted Rosa as well as he could, and then said: "Now I have something to tell to my little darling. Don't you remember that I have told you that I want to go far away to teach the heathen about Jesus? You know that there are a great many people who never heard how our dear Saviour came into this world and died for us, and so I want to go away and tell them. You will let Uncle George go, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, Uncle George, don't go away from me; I shall be so lonely without you; I didn't know that you meant you were going soon. I don't want you to go away at all. Oh, I am so unhappy; my papa don't love me, and mamma is so worried all the time that she can not talk to me as she used to, and now Uncle George is going away. I won't have any one left; oh, what shall I do? —what shall I do?"

Mr. Newton clasped the lonely child more closely to him, and wiping away her tears, said: "Hasn't Rosa forgotten some One who never leaves her? She is never alone; she has one Friend who loves her more than papa or mamma or Uncle George, who never goes away from her."

Quieted by her uncle's words and caresses, the little girl raised her eyes toward his face and said: "I know you mean Jesus; I had forgotten Him; I know He is with me all the time; and do you know, Uncle George, sometimes when I am all alone I try to think that Jesus is here with me, and I am not lonely any more. I had such a beautiful dream last night, I almost forgot to tell you. I dreamed that Jesus was here on earth again; and as I sat here so lonely one day talking to Birdie, He came into the room. I knew it was He, for His voice was so sweet and kind as He said, just as He did to the poor blind beggar: 'Little Rosa, what wouldst thou that I should do unto thee?' and I said, 'Lord, that my eyes might be opened,' and He said, 'Receive thy sight,' and, uncle, I looked up and saw Jesus. Oh, I can't tell you how beautiful He looked! He was so lovely! but just as I was looking at Him, I awoke and found I was still blind, but when I get to heaven I shall see, sha'n't I?"

She paused a moment, but before her uncle could answer her, she threw her arms more tightly about his neck, and almost smothering him with kisses, said: "Yes, uncle, go tell the heathen about Jesus; He is so lovely that I want everybody in the world to know Him. I will try not to be lonely, and when I want you very, very badly, I'll remember that you have gone to tell those who never heard of the dear Saviour, all about His dying on the cross for them, and then I won't worry any more; will you come back again, Uncle George?"

"Yes, I hope so, darling, and then where will I find my little Rosa? she won't be little then, but so tall that I'll hardly know her; let me see, how old are you—eight? Well, then, if I stay away five years, you will be thirteen years old; too old, I expect, to nestle down in my arms."

"No, no, Uncle George, this is my place; I never want to grow too big for it."

Silently the little one leaned against the loving heart that would have shielded her from all sorrow; her cares had fled; her tears were all dried, for she had been talking of Jesus, the One she loved most of all.

Suddenly she raised her head and said: "Uncle, do papa and mamma love Jesus?"

"I am afraid not, darling; but perhaps Jesus wants you to be a little missionary here and teach them about Him."

"Oh, wouldn't that be nice," and again she was silent for a little while. Then she raised herself and said, earnestly: "Uncle is papa sick? What makes his head ache all the time, and why doesn't he take me in his arms as he used to?"

What could Mr. Newton say? How could he tell her that the father she so dearly loved was sinking far, far away from her, so that he dreaded the sight of his own child, whose purity was a continual rebuke to him?

He only said: "Papa often has a headache, Rosa, and perhaps it disturbs him to hear you talk."

"Can't Jesus cure his headache? I'll ask Him, and then papa will love me again," and thus having laid all her burden at the foot of the Cross, she was at peace.

"Rosa," said Mr. Newton, "I haven't told you yet what I came up here for; to-morrow I am going away, and I want my little girl to be with me all this evening, so I have asked mamma to let me take you to a temperance meeting?"

"And, Uncle George, did she say I might go? What is a temperance meeting?"

"Two questions at once! To the first I say, Yes, she did; and to the other I say, Wait, and hear what it is yourself. Now I will go down-stairs and ask nurse to give you your supper and get you ready."

Brightly the stars shone overhead that lovely April evening; and as Mr. Newton walked through the streets, leading by the hand his little blind niece, he could not but think how much she missed of the beautiful things of this world, and yet he felt that she in her blindness had seen more heavenly beauty than many who boasted of their far-reaching eyesight; she had seen Jesus; had looked to the Cross of Calvary, and had seen there her Saviour shedding His precious blood for her, while thousands more were turning their backs upon that Saviour, or closing their eyes that they might not see Him.

The conversation that he had just had with Rosa brought also other thoughts into his mind. He feared that he might be leaving work at home to engage in work abroad; but as he prayed, as he had often done of late, to be guided aright, a sweet peace took possession of his soul; he felt that his Master had directed his choice to the work for which his arrangements had long since been made; and knowing by the experience of the last few months that his brother-in-law resented all interference from him, that the mildest word of rebuke only drove him to greater excess in his mad career, he felt sure that God had other means in store for saving this imperilled soul.

Their walk did not lead them through the most fashionable part of the city, but passing through several narrow streets they paused before a most unpretending-looking church.

As they entered and passed up the aisle, many an eye was turned toward Mr. Newton with a look of gratitude and regret, for in that neighborhood he had been a kind of temperance missionary, and many were there whom, under God, he had been instrumental in reclaiming from the path of destruction, and now they were looking upon his face for the last time for years, if indeed they should ever meet him here again.

He led Rosa with him to the pulpit, and having seen that she was comfortably seated, he turned to look upon his audience. He seemed to be seeking for some one, but in vain; for a look of disappointment was gradually stealing over his face, when the door opened and a gentleman and two ladies entered.

At a single glance one could see that they moved in a different social circle from that of the rest of the audience, but they seemed glad to take their places in their very midst. Now Mr. Newton looked satisfied, and a silent prayer of thanksgiving arose from his heart to Him who had thus granted his oft-repeated request.

The meeting progressed; one speaker after another made addresses; but it was not until Mr. Newton arose that the audience gave their entire attention; then all eyes were fixed upon him, and it seemed as if he carried the hearts of the people whither he would.

At the close of his remarks he invited all who were willing to promise, with God's help, never to taste any intoxicating drink, to come forward and sign the pledge.

There was silence, and then the young man arose, for whose coming Mr. Newton had seemed so anxious. He advanced to the head of the aisle, and having asked and received permission to speak for a little while, he turned to the audience. As he turned we recognize Frederick Lansley. He has changed since we last met him; instead of the self-confident look that used to rest upon his face, there is now a look of humility, yet of strength and determination, but of a strength not his own, and a determination having a surer foundation than his own will.

All eyes are turned toward the stranger, as with a calm voice he says: "My friends, I have come among you to-night for the first time for one particular purpose; I have come to sign that paper that your friend and mine has presented to us. Once I disdained it; not many months ago I would have sneered at the idea of enslaving myself by any formal promise. I had a will of my own, strength of my own, and I felt confident that it required but the exercise of that will and the putting forth of that strength to enable me to resist the strongest temptation; but I fell; yes, my friends, only four months ago, a glass of wine, handed to me by a lady who pretended to be my friend, proved my conqueror. My strength was very weakness; my will had lost its power, and I yielded.

"Maddened by the taste that had quickened an appetite controlled but for a little while, I rushed recklessly toward destruction.

"Day after day and night after night I sought the lowest taverns, hoping there to elude the vigilant search of him who has been sent by God to rescue you and me from drunkards' graves, but it was in vain; I forgot that I could not hide myself from the Master's eye, and He could send His servant to do His bidding.

"Thus a week passed; I sunk lower and lower; I cared not that I was breaking the hearts of a loving mother and sister. Love and all the finer feelings of my nature seemed frozen at their very source.

"Sunday came; but still, regardless of the day, I sought my accustomed haunts. Toward evening, just as the bells were calling together the worshipers of God, I paused on the threshold of one of the lowest taverns I had yet visited; my self-respect had all gone; with the lowest of the low I would drown my thoughts, and then lie down and die; I paused, and that pause was, under God, my salvation. I touched the latch; I opened the door; the foul air reeking with the smell of vile liquors met me, and instinctively I shrank back shuddering. Just at that moment a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice I well knew pronounced my name. 'It is of no use,' I said, and tried to shake off the hand, but my friend tightened his grasp, and spoke to me so kindly and hopefully that the better feelings of my nature seemed re-awakened, and I felt I might once more be a man.

"Need I tell you, to many of whom he has spoken in the same way, how faithfully he pointed out to me the reason of my fall—the slippery ground of self-confidence—and then pointed me to the Rock, resting on whom I could alone be safe? Suffice it to say, that through the blessing of God, he led me to the foot of the cross, and in the bleeding victim hanging there, I was enabled to see the Saviour I needed—Him whose precious blood would cleanse me from all sin, for whose sake I was forgiven, and in whose strength I would be enabled to live for His honor and glory. And now, my friends, I have come here to sign the pledge, trusting that my precious Saviour, with whose help I can do all things, will enable me to keep it."

All the time that Mr. Lansley had been speaking, Rosa had listened attentively; and as he spoke of his trust in the Saviour that she loved, and what He had done for him, she leaned toward her uncle, and whispered: "Tell me, Uncle George, was he sick like papa?" and when Mr. Newton, in a low voice, answered her, she whispered triumphantly, "And Jesus cured him; well, I know He will cure papa too."

Mr. Newton now left the pulpit, and taking his seat near a table prepared with pens and ink, presented the pledge for signatures.

The first name signed was that of Frederick Lansley, and at once his mother and sister came forward, and added their names. His sister's views had altered materially since that New Year evening when she boasted so confidently of her brother's strength, and the anxious solicitude for that only brother during those terrible days that had followed, had taught her to accept the great Burden Bearer as her friend, and on the Sunday preceding this meeting, their mother had had the joy of sitting with her son and daughter at the Table of the Lord.

No wonder, then, that it was with hearts light and thankful, that they could now all join in using their influence in persuading some other weak fellow-mortals to abjure forever that which had well-nigh wrecked the happiness of their whole household.

Just as Annie Lansley had signed her name, a little figure left the pulpit, and feeling her way noiselessly to the side of Mr. Newton, and laying her hand gently on his arm, said: "Uncle George, won't you please guide my hand, and let me sign the pledge too?" The sight of that sweet, innocent face, with its blind eyes turned beseechingly toward Mr. Newton, touched the hearts of many of the audience; and after Rosa Leighton's name, many others followed, of those who longed to escape from the thraldom that enslaved them, or who would by their example help those who were weak.

(To be Continued.)

CONSCIENCE AND STRONG DRINK.

Mr. J. B. Vassar gives the following incident in the life of his father, "Uncle John Vassar," which shows what conscience says on the question of the drink traffic:

"My father, as is known to many, was for many years in the employ of Matthew Vassar, the founder of Vassar College. It may not be generally known that the money with which the College was founded was made from the sale of pale ale. My father was the foreman in the business, while most of the money was being made. When he was converted, and for 'conscience sake' left the business, Matthew Vassar was very much offended, and for a number of years would not speak to him. A year before Matthew Vassar departed this life father called upon him, and, as was his wont, offered a short prayer before leaving, Mr. Vassar kneeling. I, a boy, observed the two men with uncommon interest. Never shall I forget that at the ending of the prayer Matthew Vassar rose, and with tears, laying his hand upon father's shoulders, said, 'John, you did right in leaving the business.'"

This is the way things look when life's closing shadows gather. It is well for us sometimes to see our course from the standpoint of a dying bed. Was there ever a man who, in his latest hours, rejoiced that he had spent his life in making, selling or using strong drink? Shall we do in life's course what we would not do at life's close? —*Christian.*

In Ireland the total rental of land amounts to $57,000,000, while the average amount of money spent a year for intoxicating drink is $69,000,000.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN BEHALF OF THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY WAYNE.

Talking about children in their presence tends to foster undesirable traits of character. Who has not seen a little child glance up with an expression of mingled shame, distress and timid appeal as his father thoughtlessly detailed his misdeeds to another person? Some children are discouraged and others are hardened by such unwise exposure of their faults. On the other hand, if their bright sayings and doings are rehearsed in their hearing they will soon lose that unconscious modesty which is the charm of childhood. The physical weaknesses of the little ones, also, are undoubtedly aggravated by talking about them in their hearing. Moreover, there is much general conversation from which a child should be guarded. The little girl playing with her doll may be listening to every word of that gossip retailed in her hearing. A mother should not hesitate to say, "Children, you may go up stairs now," if business unsuited to their years is to be discussed; or to promptly send them from the room if visitors introduce any doubtful topic.

The imitativeness of children may be made very helpful in their training. It is wonderful how easily they are taught scores of pleasant household amenities by simple example. But are they not often reproved for doing, in their way, just as their elders do? We remember hearing about a little boy who was once severely blamed by his father for being cross to his sister. The child being rather defiant under reproof was ordered to leave the room. As he reached the door he lingered a moment, and said, "Papa, you don't call it 'cross' when you speak so to mamma!" A sad truth told in a sad way.

Respect individual tastes and peculiarities. Children are not cast in the same mold, therefore modify training to suit different characters. Their individuality, properly developed, should be preserved. In dress, food, occupation, amusement and study consult their taste to a proper extent. If your little girl shows a strong inclination to amuse herself with tools, instead of with dolls, why not gratify her? And if her brother begs for pencils and paint, when most boys would want jack-knife and marbles, don't check, but wisely guide a fancy which may develop most happily.

Some children are morbidly sensitive about their clothing. Within proper bounds gratify any little taste a child has about his dress, and do not needlessly cross his inclinations. Probably your children will not think half as much about their clothes, if they have what pleases them, as if they are forced to wear what is distasteful.

Answer your children's questions. Not necessarily at the time they ask them; nor should they be allowed to interrupt conversation with others. But their young minds bubble over with legitimate curiosity. Everything is new to them, and they are eager to investigate. Satisfy them when it is possible and judicious. A deep and full explanation of a subject is not needful; one or two simple truths about it usually satisfy a child. Parents who keep the confidence of their children need not fear that they will seek outside help and sympathy. They naturally turn to father and mother with all perplexing enquiries. And if ordinarily they receive plain, simple answers they will be trustful and content with the occasional necessary reply, "I do not know;" or, "I will explain that to you when you are older;" or, "ask me another time and I will tell you what you can understand about it." There is no greater mistake than to suffer the natural curiosity of a child to be so baffled that he turns from those who should wisely satisfy his mind to servants, or others, who feel no responsibility about his training.

Misapprehension among children is, we believe, more common than is generally supposed. Some statement is made in their presence, and they receive an idea, but the wrong one. They hear a word or phrase, and repeat it, understanding little or nothing of its real meaning. The little girl who on being taken to the seashore looked around and, in a disappointed tone, asked, "Where are the tinemies?" (the sea and all that in them is) made a not unnatural mistake. Children are constantly falling into errors of this kind.

A tiny girl in a Brooklyn Sunday-school was heard singing the hymn beginning, "There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall," and her rendering of the second line, "Without a City Hall," showed that in catching the sound she had taken some idea into her mind. A while ago a teacher read to her little pupil a story in which occurred the sentence, "Pizarro captured the Peruvian emperor and basely killed him." The boy, on being asked afterward who killed the Peruvian emperor, promptly replied, "Basely!" Nor was the little fellow lacking in intelligence. We once heard a gentleman relate how, when he was a very small boy, he heard some one use the phrase, "None of your business." It seemed a very curious one to him; and soon after, being asked at table, by his grandfather, if he wanted some syrup he pleasantly replied, "None of your business, grandpa." He was punished for being impudent, when he had not the least idea of being so. A child's mistakes and shortcomings should be judged from the child's standpoint. He has had—for example—three or five years in which to learn; you, perhaps, have had thirty or fifty years.—*Christian Union.*

HOW TO KEEP EGGS.

Eggs can be kept fresh for a long time without the use of pickle or other preparation, if proper care is taken to perform it. It is a well known fact that limed eggs are not in favor, and the most of the processes by which eggs are kept from decay, destroy the flavor which they have when fresh, and render them unsuited to many culinary requirements. We think one of the best ways to keep them fresh for several months, is to wrap each egg closely in soft paper—old newspapers will do, and then pack them as closely as possible in clean boxes in regular layers, with the small end down, having the air bubble always at the large end, its natural position. Pasteboard or stiff paper should be placed over each layer to make an even surface upon each to lay the next, and perfectly dry, clean, sweet chaff can be used to fill vacant spaces, if convenient. Pack very closely, and, when full, fasten the cover firmly down leaving no room for the contents to loosen or shake about at all.

Place the box in a cool, dry cellar, or in any cool place where dampness, mold and bad air are not allowed to accumulate, and if they are to be kept a long time turn the box over occasionally. It is our opinion that the eggs should remain large end up most of the time.

Another method consists in packing the eggs in layers in dry sand observing the same care as above, the sand filling up all the spare room very nicely. If it is not important that the shells should retain their fresh appearance, as would be the case when they are not to be sold they can be kept longer by coating the shells before packing, with lard, thick starch, or a solution of gum arabic or shellac.—*Household.*

RICE FOR DESSERT is very nice when prepared in this way: Wash half a cupful of rice, add to it a large half-cup of sugar, a dessertspoonful of salt, one quart of milk, and some grated nutmeg. Set it in the oven to bake, stirring it from the bottom every few minutes, with a long-handled spoon. When the rice is cooked so that it is perfectly soft, stir in half a teacupful of corn starch which you have rubbed smooth in a little cold water. If any brown crust has formed on the top, remove it before you put in the corn starch. This is suitable to serve cold for tea, or warm for dessert. Send it to the table in cups or glasses, with a spoonful of jelly or jam in each cup.

HANDSOME table spreads are made of square or diamond-shaped blocks of silk, pieced together after the manner of the old-time bedspread, only in this case the seams may be ornamented with needlework. Put on a border of plush or velvet, and finish with a rich fringe.

IF YOU WISH to avoid having all the raisins you put in a pudding sink to the bottom follow this rule: Cook the raisins in a little water on the top of the stove; then, when the pudding is half done, stir the raisins in. They will be evenly distributed through it, and there will be plenty of time for the crust to form on the top of the pudding.

RIBBON LAMP MAT.—I took quite a number of soiled ribbons I had been saving, washed and ironed them, and those that looked too faded I colored with some liquid dyes I had, then I cut them in strips about nine inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide. They are now ready to be unravelled, leaving only four or five threads in the centre. Lay them one by one till they are all unravelled; the quantity will depend on the size of the mat you want to make. About thirty pieces would make a nice large mat. For the middle cut a round piece of pasteboard and cover it with something, (I crocheted a cover for the centre of mine,) then take one of the unravelled pieces, an end in each hand, and twist them as you would strips for a phantom basket. After you have got then all twisted, sew them on the centre piece for your mat, in loops, and in three tiers, intermingling the colors any way you think best, and you have a mat that has cost you almost nothing, and will look better than any Berlin wool mat I ever saw.

WILLING, RESPECTFUL OBEDIENCE—that essential element in family life—is best won by those firm yet gentle methods which are alike removed from severity and lax indulgence. The father who governs with unsympathizing rigor rules by fear; the mother who coaxes into obedience does not rule at all. Think before giving commands, and consider how to give them. Avoid contests. Be helpful to the children when you see them struggling with anger or evil passions, which, perhaps, you yourself possess naturally and sometimes can scarcely control. How much more they need help at such times than mere punishment. A new thought will often turn the obstinacy of a child just as a little diversion will make him forget a cut finger.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED about children when they show bad traits of character. The good ones must be developed. If your boy tells a lie, instead of banishing him from your heart as wicked, teach him the beauty and advantage of truthfulness. Especially keep him in sympathy with yourself, so that no fear of blame or punishment will tempt him to concealment or deception. Loving confidence between parents and children is one of the greatest safeguards against wrong-doing.

WHITE CANDY made from this receipt has the merit of being pure: One pound of sugar, two-thirds of a tumbler of water, one teaspoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; boil for twenty minutes, without stirring. Pour on buttered plates to cool, then butter your hands and pull; have a little vanilla or lemon in a sauce plate, and wet your hands with it occasionally.

LEMON-RAISIN PIE is a novelty for this season of the year, when the storeroom shelves show many vacant jars and cans: Cut one lemon in two parts, remove the seed, then chop it fine skin and all, with one cup of raisins. Cook in one cup of water slowly on the back part of the stove. Add one cup of sugar. This quantity makes a small pie. Bake with upper and under crust, but make the upper one thin.

CODFISH HASH is good for breakfast, with the accompaniment of good coffee and light muffins. It is a good plan if you wish for an early breakfast to put the codfish in cold water, to freshen, the afternoon before, then by tea time it will be ready to be chopped fine with some cold boiled potatoes. Season it with pepper, a little cream and butter. Cook it slowly and for at least half an hour.

A FANCY of the hour in the way of wall decoration is this: Cut a pasteboard foundation the size of a tea plate. Cover it with cardinal or scarlet satin. Around the edge fasten the tips of peacocks' feathers; catch them with strong thread to the under side. On this mat or plaque paint, or put on in applique work, a grotesque figure. These are to be hung on the wall, or may be used as mats.

HERE IS AN excellent rule for making steamed Graham bread: Two cups of Graham flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three quarters of a cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Steam for an hour and three quarters; eat while warm; cover with a heavy cloth when you take it from the steamer; the crust will be more tender if this is done.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is with us day by day,
Though ever going fast,
When once it leaves us then be sure
It is forever past.

My second patiently and well
Guards with a careful eye
Those who are left within his care
Lest from him they should fly.

My whole is highly prized by all;
Its value is untold.
Yet 'tis so cheap that to the poor,
As well as rich, 'tis sold.

TWO REBUSES.

B B
E D

NUMERICAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Take one hundred from a headland, and leave an animal.
2. Take fifty from a woodon shoe, and leave the tooth of a wheel.
3. Take ten from one who vexes, and leave to turn aside.
4. Take six from the face, and leave wise.
5. Take five from active, and leave to rest.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

In Carey, not in Rollin.
In Clarke, not in Collin.
In Chase, not in Arthur.
In Sarah, not in Martha.
In Thomas, not in Mark.
In Fowler, not in Park.
In Garat, not in Beck.
In Warren, not in Peck.
In Byron, not in Bell.
My whole a bird will tell.

WORD SQUARE.

On the great Mediterranean my first sails far and near,
My second is to escape, as from a punishment we fear,
My third you'll in the kitchen find when there you chance to go,
My fourth sent forth by monarchs, their authority to show,
My fifth are of small value if you only have a few,
But still, if they are very old, they're worth more than the new.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. A grass plat.
2. To cut in pieces.
3. A language.
4. Keen resentment.
5. An exclamation.
6. An animal.
7. A narrative.
8. To deprive of masts.
9. A female servant.

Centre—An important science.

TEN PRECIOUS STONES AT RANDOM STRUNG.

Flesmy os kniht ot desu I Dras ynnej ot ycnaf a koot nosdlar E. M. em dlot, eh dedruag llew si nosrep sajawoh eht ytud no mai did ehecni s orazzap ot tnew Elttil. Y. Rebe nos s'tol reappa tondid Reivax. Y. nos s'tsemyts Y. H. tem abla etag a ream.

CHARADE.

At doors my first is often seen,
My next adorns a lady's head,
My whole a thing you well must know,
And may have used it for a bed.

JUMBLE.

I bemreemr, I mreebrme,
Eht eohus erhwe I asw norb.
Hte tiltel dnioww ehrew het usn
Mace gepniep ni ta nomr.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JUNE 15.

RIDDLE.—A book.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.—State, taste; tones, stone; notes; deigns, design, signed; usurped, pursued; stake, skate, steak, Kates, takes, Keats, teaks; editors, storied; sedate, seated, teased.

HOUR GLASS.—
K n a V e r y
g l E a m
l R e
B
g E t
r l N s e
a r r A n g e

AMPUTATIONS.—
c A t
a L e
o F t
a R m
n E d
a D z
s T y
p E n
o N e
a N d
r Y e
a S p
t O y
e N d

LETTER CHANGES.—Moon, Doon, Loon, Coon, Boon, Soon.

THE RATS AND THE MEAL.

BY PALMER COX.

One summer's night when all was still,
And motionless the wheel,
Some rats ran through the village mill,
And stole a bag of meal.

And hurry-scurry, tooth and nail,
They dragged it to the door,
And then upon their shoulders soon
Away the treasure bore.

But as they hastened from the room,
Along a narrow plank,
The heavy load went in the flume,
And to the bottom sank.

And downward with the bag of meal,
Ere they could loose their hold,
With many a frightened squeak and squeal,
The thieves together rolled.

So then for life they had to swim,
But when they reached the shore,
They dried themselves around a fire,
And vowed to steal no more.
—*Harpers' Young People.*

HOW LOVE REMOVED A MOUNTAIN.

"Mamma," said Arthur, "how can faith remove mountains?"

"I will tell you how love once removed a mountain," said his mother, and then you will perhaps understand what is now puzzling you:

"More than a hundred and twenty years ago there was born in an old castle on the shores of the Pentland Firth, in the far north of Scotland, a boy, who, when he grew up, became a very useful man. His mother was of a noble family, and he inherited a title himself. He was Sir John Sinclair; but far better than titles and wealth, was the training the mother gave to her son. She taught him—for his father died when he was young—how to manage wisely his estate; and as he grew up he showed that he did not intend to lead a selfish, luxurious life, but to do his best for his neighbors and his country. At that time good roads were very much needed, even in the more busy parts of England; and in the north of Scotland, where the inhabitants were few, and for the most part poor, the roads were often very bad

"One day a neighbor asked Sir John when he would make a road over Ben Cheilt—a large mountain which interfered much with freedom of travelling in Caithness. He was not prepared to begin a road over Ben Cheilt just then, but the time came soon after. He went to London on a visit, and there saw a young lady whom he wished to marry, but when he asked her to go with him to Caithness she shook her head. She liked Sir John; but in those days of slow travelling and dear postage the distance between Thurso and London seemed immense, and Miss Maitland could not make up her mind to go so far from home. However, she did not altogether refuse him, and he went back to Thurso, resolved that the big mountain, Ben Cheilt, should no longer stand in the way of a direct road to the south. He surveyed it carefully, made up his mind what to do, and then sent out over the country for all the men that could be got to help him. One summer's morning, at early dawn, one thousand two hundred and sixty men assembled under his command, and by nightfall the old bridle-track was made into a carriage-road. Before he could go south again, a gentleman who had just been travelling in Scotland, carried to Miss Maitland the story of Sir John's road-making, and all his other improvements, and she was so much pleased that she determined to reward him in the way he wished. They were married soon afterward.

"That was not Sir John's only effort. He lived to be an old man, to do a great deal for Scotland, and to be much respected. And now, Arthur, you see how love can remove mountains."

"He didn't remove it mamma; he only made a way over it," said Arthur.

"And what more was needed?" answered his mamma. "God does not take mountains out of our way altogether, in this world, my dear; but if we love and trust Him he will give us the strength and patience to make a way over them; and that is better. 'Who art thou, O, great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.'" (Zech. iv. 7.)—*Selected.*

ANECDOTE OF BARON ROTHSCHILD.

Baron James de Rothschild one day at dinner perceived that the artist Delacroix who was his guest, was looking at him in a peculiarly searching manner. The baron asked the reason, and Delacroix responded that having for some time been vainly searching for a head such as he would like to copy for a prominent beggar in his new picture, he was suddenly struck with the idea that his host would make a splendid model. The baron, who was fond of art, gracefully consented to sit, and next morning appeared in the studio of the painter, who dressed him in rags, placed a tall staff in his hand, and put him into a mendicant's posture. In this attitude he was discovered by a young friend and pupil of the painter who alone had the privilege of being admitted to the studio at all times. Surprised by the excellence of the model, he congratulated his master at having at last found exactly what he wanted. Not for a moment doubting that the model had just been begging at the porch of some church or at the corner of a bridge, and much struck by his features, the young man espying a

moment when the artist's eyes were averted, slipped a twenty-franc piece into the model's hand. Rothschild kept the money, thanking the giver by a look, and the young man went his way. He was, as the banker soon found out from Delacroix without fortune, and obliged to give lessons in order to eke out his living. Sometime later the youth received a letter mentioning that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on twenty francs, which he, prompted by a generous impulse, had given to a man in appearance a beggar, was lying at his disposal in Rothschild's office, to the amount of ten thousand francs having borne five hundred fold.

TO BOYS, ON HABITS OF STUDY.

"Do get on with your studies. If you acquire slovenly or sleepy habits of study now, you will never get the better of them. Do everything in its own time. Do everything in earnest. If it is worth doing, then do it with all your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God. Never see the face of man till you have seen His face who is our life, our all. Pray for others: pray for your teachers, fellow-students," &c.

To another he wrote:—"Beware of the atmosphere of the classics. It is pernicious indeed; and you need much of the south wind breathing over the Scripture to counteract it. True, we ought to know them; but only as chemists handle poisons—to discover their qualities, not to infect our blood with them."

And again:—"Pray that the Holy Spirit would not only make you a believing and holy lad, but make you wise in your studies also. A ray of Divine light in the soul sometimes clears up a mathematical problem wonderfully. The smile of God calms the spirit, and the left hand of Jesus holds up the fainting head, and His Holy Spirit quickens the affections; so that even natural studies go on a million times more easily and comfortably."—*Rev. R. M. McCheyne.*

A TOUCHING STORY comes from Eyemouth England: Mr. William Nisbet, the skipper of one of the ill-fated fishing boats, had a parrot which, under his tuition, had become remarkably proficient in the use of language. Nisbet was fond of his bird. Ever since the storm of Friday fortnight, the parrot has been depressed and silent, as though it was conscious of its loss. The other day, however, and throughout the day, it found and maintained its voice, repeating mournfully, and with pathetic iteration, "Euphy, Willie's awa' noo—Willie's awa' noo!" "Euphy" (Euphemia) is the name of Nisbet's wife—*Christian Life.*

THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

A farmer of Cobham was in the habit of going to a market some miles distant on horseback and on such occasions, not knowing how extensive his purchases might be, always carried a considerable amount of cash with him. He never, however, took his dog with him on market days, as he might be in the way; but the faithful animal, a large sheep dog, used always to keep watch at the front door as soon as the hour approached for his master's return.

One evening the farmer's four-footed friend was at his usual post, when to his astonishment he saw the horse return without a rider. One moment's reflection seemed to be sufficient, for off he bounded in the direction the horse had come from, and at no great distance found his master struggling with a couple of desperate-looking men.

Without a sound he made straight for the throat of one of the ruffians, and brought him to the ground, while his master wrestled with the other.

In the meantime the stable-boy, finding the horse at the stable-door without a rider, concluded something was wrong, jumped on the horse's back and set out—he, too, thinking his master had had an accident and fallen from his horse; but the scene which met his view was far from what he expected; one of the robbers lay prostrate on the ground with the dog standing guard over him, while his master had just overpowered the other, who was pleading for mercy, but was easily secured with the lad's help, and both were duly punished. —*Sunday.*

THE DOG'S ASTONISHMENT.

A LITTLE CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

Johnny Winter was an only son in a family of six children. His father was an industrious man, his mother a careworn, dispirited woman in weak health. One day I ventured to call and enquire if the family were connected with any church or Sunday-school. Mr. Winter was at home, sitting by the fire with Johnny on his knee. As I made the enquiry, Mrs. Winter cast a pleading glance at her husband, who replied roughly,—"I don't believe in that sort of thing, miss."

"I am sorry to hear that," I said, "for I hoped that you would let your little ones come to our Sunday-school, if they did not belong anywhere else. Our school-room is close by, and I think they would like to come."

"I would," cried Johnny. "I want to go to the Sunday-school. Benny Frank goes, and he says it is first-rate."

Mr. Winter laughed, and patted Johnny's head. I saw that the boy was his father's idol, and if my point were gained it would be through him.

"To tell you the truth, miss," said Mr. Winter, "I haven't much opinion of Sunday-schools and churches. I suppose you would be surprised if I should tell you that I don't believe there is a God."

"I am not surprised," I said; "but I feel sorry for you, my friend. Do you wish your children to follow you in your belief?"

"I want them to think for themselves," he replied. "I shall not try to influence them one way or the other after they are old enough to form their own opinions, and I don't want any one else to. That's what I tell my wife; she'd like to have them all go to Sunday-school, but I won't consent to it."

I saw Mrs. Winter wipe her eyes as she stooped to lay her baby in the cradle, but she did not speak.

"Well," I said, rising to go, "I shall expect this little fellow and his sister next Sunday."

Mr. Winter laughed, but shook his head, and I went away feeling disheartened, only as I closed the door I heard Johnny coaxing,—

"Mayn't I go, father? I want to go so much."

Johnny gained his point, and on the following Sunday he was one of the first to greet me. His sister Mary was with him. Johnny was a very bright child for his years. He soon became deeply interested in the school, and no matter what the weather was, he was always present with his little hymn perfectly learned.

Some weeks after this I called at their house. It was in the morning, and only Mrs. Winter and the baby were at home. She was singing, and greeted me with such a smile that I could scarcely believe it was the same countenance I had seen before.

"I was just thinking about you, Miss Scott," she said; "I want to tell you about Johnny. His father will do anything to please him, and even hears the little fellow's hymns and verses, to make sure he knows them for you. And Johnny tells him all he has heard in school every Sunday evening, and his father listens. Oh, miss, I can't help feeling as though my husband will give up his foolish notions sometime, and become a Christian man. And now Johnny has begun to coax his father to go with him to the children's meeting on Sunday afternoon."

And Johnny conquered again. Mr. Winter came to the children's meeting, not only on the next Sunday, but on the next and the next, until we felt quite as sure of seeing him as of seeing Johnny. So time passed on until one Sunday news was brought that Johnny was very sick with scarlet fever. I quickly visited him. He lay in his father's arms, panting for breath, while the poor man bent over him the picture of despair.

"Oh, Miss Scott," he cried, as he saw me, "do you think that I am going to lose my Johnny? It can't be that God is going to take him from me."

"I'm so tired, father," the little sufferer was saying; "please pray, 'Our Father.'"

"Dear Johnny, I forget the words," and great tears rolled down the father's rough cheeks.

"Say it after me, then, will you, please? 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" And Johnny waited until, in a voice choked with sobs, his father repeated the works. Then he went on, little by little, the father following until the prayer was finished.

"Do you still disbelieve?" I asked Mr. Winter, while we watched beside Johnny. He shook his head. "That child has taught me much," said he. "He has talked about Christ and His death till it melted my heart, and I was forced to read it for myself. But it only makes me wretched—it is good news for Johnny, not for me; I have denied Him too often."

"God is your Father, and loves you infinitely more than you love little Johnny. For Christ's sake He will forgive all past rebellion and denials—only plead with Him in the Saviour's name. He waits to be gracious. His Spirit is even now drawing you to Himself."

For days the child lingered between life and death; then the fever subsided, and Johnny began to recover. In those days of suspense, while watching beside the little cot, Mr. Winter's heart was, by God's mercy and the Holy Spirit's power, softened, and he came to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and, like the poor prodigal, he returned to his father.—*Fly. Leaves.*

The Family Circle.

PETTY PAINS.

BY SUSAN M. DAY.

The wintry twilight darkened; early night
The arches of the temple's roof made dim;
Slow gathering gloom, the dying sunset's light,
Gave deeper meaning to the closing hymn.
Never had words so solemn seemed to be—
"Ev'n though it be a cross that raiseth me!"

"Ev'n though it be a cross?" my soul did ask
With searching meaning of herself, and low
I bowed my head. Yes, any cross or task
How hard soe'er it be, so that I go
Upon the heavenward road, and thus may be
Raised nearer, Lord, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

"Raised by a cross? Dost thou well understand
What thou dost say?" insists my questioning soul;
"What if God takes thee at thy word? His hand
Lies heavy sometimes; He exacts full toll
Of all our vows." And still in ecstacy,
I sang—A cross, so that it raiseth me!

Then with repeated prayer, fervent and low,
I homeward went, assured that God would hold
Me earnest in my wish; some sudden blow
I wait for, thinking that like martyrs old,
I, too, could sing in death triumphant song,
That sharpest pain would but make weakness strong.

And thus I waited, and the days went by
Much as they always had done, and no crown
Of martyrdom upon my head did lie;
No sudden grief or pain had struck me down;
And I was disappointed—was no cross
Prepared for me, no shame, no weight, no loss?

Not worthy ev'n to suffer! I must go
Stumbling through life's dull way; praying like one
Who feels that no one hears his prayer, and so
A long way off from God; a wintry sun
Of feeble faith upon my doubts to shine,
But joy in service, none, nor peace divine.

As time dragged by, there came into my life
A petty pain, annoyance slight as when
Persistent insect wages puny strife,
And will not go, but comes and stings again!
To human friendship it would be a shame
To such a trifling grief to give a name!

It could but seem a needless, foolish pain—
There was no glory in it—naught sublime!
My patience could not bear the constant strain,
It was a weary, wretched, sordid time!
At last, worn out, I thought in my despair,
Perhaps this grief is not too small for prayer.

And as I prayed, for the first time I felt
That some one listened; to my voice that calls
An ear attends! The ice-bound doubtings melt,
In my sore need, pride's stony barrier falls.
And thus my foolish pain has lifted me
A little nearer, Lord, I think, to Thee!

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE DEACON'S TITHE.

BY ADA CARLETON.

They had a new minister at Seabrook. Old Parson Thornleigh, who had kept the flock for forty years, had gone to his long home; and in his stead had come an honest, plain-spoken young divine, with an earnest, fearless eloquence of his own. And now the worn door-stone of the little gray church on the hill was once more trodden by feet which had long been strangers to it. The minister boarded, having no family, at Deacon Larrabee's.

"He's the least bit uncertain on some points," said the deacon, leaning on his hoe-handle and talking across the fence to his neighbor Gray, who leaned on his hoe-handle to listen—"a bit uncertain. But I like him—I do, no mistake; and I believe the Lord's going to bless us through him!"

"Amen!" was neighbor Gray's hearty response.

They hoed a dozen hills of corn in silence, their hoes keeping time to the merry song of a bird in the orchard. Then Mr. Gray paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"This hot weather's liable to make sickness," said he. "I suppose you've heard that one of the Widow Sperry's boys is down with a fever?"

"Sho! now you don't say so!" exclaimed the deacon, commiseratingly. "Make it hard for her, won't it?"

"Yes, particularly when she's so lately lost her cow. I've been saying that we all ought to take hold and make it up to her. If I'd more than one cow on my place I wouldn't stand to talk long, now, I tell you; but I lost my two best ones last spring. If I hadn't—"

It might have been unintentional, that sudden facing about as Mr. Gray threw his glance toward the hill pasture where his neighbor's herd of cows was quietly feeding. At all events, the deacon could scarcely help noticing the action. And he understood its purport. An uneasy flush mounted to his face as he struck vigorously into the next hill.

"She ought to have kept her cow out of the road. My cattle never get into the mill-pond and drown. If they should, I wouldn't expect anybody to make 'em up to me. She'd no more call, had the widow, to let her cow run, than I'd have to turn my whole drove out."

"It's a pretty hard case, nevertheless," said Mr. Gray.

And then the fragmentary conversation, tossed piece-meal back and forth across the fence as the neighbors went steadily on with their work drifted into different channels.

There had been an interested listener to the colloquy narrated above. On the shady side of the wall which separated Deacon Larrabee's orchard and cornfield sat book in hand, the Rev. Mr. Weston. He arose, as the chat which floated to his hearing began to be of crops and haying, and walked slowly away along the orchard path with a thoughtful smile upon his face.

That night when the deacon took the shining milkpails from the dresser and proceeded to the farm-yard, the young clergyman followed him. He stood leaning against the bars, watching the yellow stars come out in the sky, and looking abroad over the deacon's possessions, shadowy now, but substantial enough by daylight.

"You are a prosperous man, deacon."

A smile of supreme satisfaction overspread the deacon's countenance as he stood for a moment patting the sleek neck of a favorite cow.

"Well, yes," said he; "but I've made myself. A pig and a pitchfork, sir, was all I had to begin with."

"How does your neighbor Gray get along?"

"Gray? well, truth to tell, he'll never be forehanded if he lives to the age of Methuselah. He's a hard-working man enough, but why 'tis I can't tell you; there's never a poor creature comes into our town that doesn't head direct for John Gray's. Must be instinct teaches 'em; for he gives to 'em all deserving or not. I believe he'd take the coat off his back if 'twas needed. He's a good neighbor—a good neighbor; but he'll never get anything, to speak of, ahead."

"'But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal,'" quoted the minister.

"Yes, yes; but, if I mind me right, the good Book says something too about providing first for one's own household—eh?"

Mr. Weston smiled. "I believe there is a passage to that effect," said he.

"And," went on the deacon, a little triumphantly, "if neighbor Gray would give a certain portion—"

"A tithe?" interpolated the minister.

"And not go beyond that," continued Deacon Larrabee, "he'd be better off in one respect, and no worse off in the other, to my thinking. I don't believe in—in indiscriminate giving."

"Nor do I," was the quiet rejoinder. Then there was silence while Deacon Larrabee filled another pail with snowy foam.

"How many cows have you, deacon?"

"Ten," answered the deacon, with a pardonable pride showing itself in voice and feature; "and it's the finest herd in our county. They're grade Jerseys."

"Yes," returned Mr. Weston, a little absently. Then, after a slight pause, "Deacon Larrabee, I overheard the conversation between you and your neighbor Gray this morning, relating to Mrs. Sperry and her misfortunes. Poor lady! she does need substantial sympathy. Cannot you afford to lend a tithe of your cows to the Lord?"

"Which means that I give one of them to the widow," uttered the deacon, with a wry face. "No, sir; I'm afraid I can't. She wanted to buy one the other day, but I told her I'd none to spare. It was all owing to carelessness that she lost her cow, and I don't believe in upholding improvidence. Get to going on that way, and we'd all be on the town farm before we knew it."

Mr. Weston wore a thoughtful countenance, yet a gleam of something like amusement lighted up his eyes.

"Will you sell me one of your cows?" he asked.

"I—I have no need of the money now," replied the deacon hesitatingly.

The minister continued: "I heard you say this morning that you would be glad to give a good man extra wages to help you through your haying, but that you were afraid it would be difficult to procure the needful assistance at any price. Will you take me, and let me pay for the cow in that way?"

A twinkle, both genial and quizzical, dawned in the deacon's gray eyes. For a moment he studied the young minister attentively. He was not at all what his neighbors would have denominated free-handed, yet he had a just appreciation of the quality of beneficence in other people. Neither was he a hard man at heart. It was only that the prosperity which had attended his every undertaking caused him to look upon the lack of it in a neighbor's affairs as an entirely unnecessary evil—one which prudence and forethought might overcome. Now he shook his petitioner's hand heartily.

"It's a bargain," said he. When will you take the cow off my hands?"

"To-night, if you will lend me your assistance," was the ready response.

"Better take one of those I haven't milked," said the deacon, with a smile, "and save me that trouble."

Accordingly, a little time later, the minister, accompanied by the deacon, led his recent acquisition down the farm-house lane, and away along the thoroughfare of the sleepy little hamlet to the tiny cottage where dwelt Mrs. Sperry and her brood. There they fastened the animal to a convenient post, rapped softly, and departed, with the peaceful consciousness which attends upon a worthy deed resting upon one of them, at least, as a mantle.

Next morning when the deacon, hoe on shoulder, was leaving his door-yard for his corn-field, he encountered Mrs. Sperry. Her eyes were red, as with long watching or weeping, and her thin lips trembled with the emotion which she vainly endeavored to conceal.

She put out both hands to him. "Deacon Larrabee," said she, "I have come to thank you, and to ask your forgiveness. Oh, I have had such hard thoughts of you!—how cruelly hard only God knows—and my own heart. Why, I almost came to pray that some dreadful misfortune might overtake you!—and all because you would not sell me the cow you meant to give me."

"I—really—I—" began the deacon. The situation was a most embarrassing one, and rendered doubly so by the knowledge that beside the open window of the room appropriated to his library the minister was sitting, no doubt enjoying the conversation in the fullest measure. "Really, Mrs. Sperry—I—"

"Now, don't try to deny it," laughed the widow, a little nervously. "I know the cow, Deacon Larrabee; and—" she laughed again—"I am bowed down with contrition, to think of my unjust feelings toward you. But I shall always pray that you may prosper hereafter, deacon; for I am sure you will have a good account of your stewardship for the Master."

The deacon mopped his scarlet face in sore perplexity; How could he confess that the gift was none of his? Yet there really seemed no other way of escape from the one-horned dilemma in which he found himself, unless—

Well, the widow's generous thanks were very pleasant to hear; and after a momentary deliberation the old deacon's good sense and genuine manliness came to the fore. He only wished that the happy thought had been his, the charity his own spontaneous deed.

"I am very glad if the gift pleases you, Mrs. Sperry," said he, shaking her proffered hand; "and now, please say no more about it. Go into the house and see the woman. I'll warrant she has a glass of jelly for the sick boy."

To Mr. Weston later on he said with a laugh, and a jocular twinkle in his eye, "I've hired my man, and shall not need you; so we'll shake hands and call it square. I think that's what I meant to do all the while, though I wasn't really sensible of it. But I'll tell you one thing, Brother Weston, I don't believe the next tithe will come so hard."—*S. S. Times.*

THE ATHEIST'S TORN BIBLE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

John Moulton was the proprietor of a "general" store in a small village in New London county, Connecticut. He had the reputation of being shrewd and close in all his business transactions, and people who knew him well said he had a peculiar faculty for turning everything into good solid money.

He was considered to be an honest man, especially when he was obliged to be, but he was an avowed Atheist, and regarded himself as amenable to none other than human laws. he despised the counsels and commands of God, and ridiculed the Christian religion, and its professors as well.

He would secretly open his store on the Sabbath for the benefit of a godless, reckless set among the villagers who met therein behind the closed shutters to drink, smoke, play cards and generally profane the Lord's day. Consequently it was not surprising, when his father died and left him, among other things, a handsome family Bible, that he should at once declare his intention of using its sacred leaves as wrapping paper.

"In the first place," said he, "father made a fool of himself in buying that old Bible, and in the second place in giving it to me. He gave ten dollars for it. It has never been read—none of any consequence—and it isn't of any account now surely in a literary or religious way. I couldn't sell it in the lump for more than a dollar if I should try, but it will bring me in much more than that if I retail it out by the ounce and pound. Its thick heavy paper is just the thing to weigh up for small and costly parcels."

"I don't believe I should dare to use the old family Bible in that way, John," said his wife. "It seems, somehow, as if it would be wicked. Besides it would make talk among to go-to-meeting folks, and some of them are your customers, you know."

"Let the soft-headed hypocrites mind their own business," snapped out John Moulton. "Mine is the only store in these parts, and they've got to trade with me," and this open reviler of God's Word stripped off the handsome, substantial cover from the old family keepsake, and putting the mass of heavy leaves under his arm, strode across the street to the store.

It did indeed "make talk" in every house in town, when small parcels from John Moulton's store were brought home wrapped with the awful utterances of Jehovah and the inspired words of Moses and the prophets. But no one wanted to get into a useless and unprofitable controversy with the man, so many who felt shocked and aggrieved considered it the wisest policy to hold their peace for the present, even when they observed the sly winks which passed between him and his godless associates when such parcels were put up.

John Moulton was sadly disappointed. He fully supposed that in sacrilegiously using the Bible for wrapping paper he would speedily provoke the expostulations and censure of the minister and the deacons and sundry devout women in the parish, and thus have a fine opportunity to air his infidel ideas that he had imbibed from his various readings from Thomas Paine down

to the latest scientific and pantheistic diatribe against the Bible and the Christian religion. He felt himself to be safely entrenched in his position and fully able to defend it.

But the few Christian believers in the vicinity all followed the advice given them by the minister when they first heard that a declared infidel was coming to take charge of the village store.

"Let him alone in the way of argument. We will preach Christ to him by our lives as shaped and quickened by the precepts, teachings, and commands of the New Testament and the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. The Lord will have a settlement with him in good time."

John Moulton was studiously let alone, so far as and controversy with words was concerned, until one evening a God-fearing old farmer from the outskirts of the town, and belonging to another parish ran into the store to get an ounce of nutmegs. After the store-keeper had placed a leaf from the old Bible in the scales, and, having weighed out the nutmegs, was proceeding to do them up, the farmer called out in an abrupt manner characteristic of him,

"No, no, Mr. Moulton, no, no! Don't use that to wrap up anything I buy here. That wont do at all for my nutmegs."

"I've nothing else handy," replied the storekeeper, with a contemptuous laugh and a coarse jest.

"Hand them right over here then; I'll put them loose into my coat-pocket," and suiting the action to the word, with a grieved, sorrowful look toward the storekeeper and the torn Bible lying on the counter, he turned toward the door.

He had proceeded but a few steps when John Moulton, standing with the rejected leaf still in his hand, and exchanging sly glances with a few of his cronies who were in the store at the time, called after him,

"A good many of your brethren and sisters in this vicinity, sir, have had parcels done up in that kind of paper, and you are the first pesron who has ever objected to it."

And folding the leaf into a small compass, he put it carefully into his waistcoat pocket.

Did John Moulton intend to read it out of a sudden feeling of curiosity at some future time, or was this action prompted by his innate love and petty saving which had grown into a confirmed habit, making it seem a sort of second nature to place this loose leaf out of harm's way? Or did the Blessed Spirit inspire that stranger customer to say what he did on the occasion of that insignificant purchase, and had those few blunt but earnest words of protest, with that grieved, reproachful look, gone to the heart of that bitter enemy of Christ and his followers?

After every customer and hanger-on had left the little store for the night, and John Moulton had finished posting his books and was arranging his various memoranda, he found that folded leaf among other papers; and smoothing it out very carefully upon his desk he read it over slowly and attentively. Had there been any one present he could not have been induced to do this by any human agency, but he thought now,

"I might as well read this one leaf, my designed use of which so horrified that old fellow. I never did read a word of the trash in my life, and I don't think it will affect me much now."

The leaf spread out before him happened to be the last chapter of the book of Daniel. The hardened infidel read it over more than once, but he did not understand it. His life-long wilful ignorance of God's word made this portion of it all the more wonderful, profound, and puzzling to him.

The last verse in particular impressed him: "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

He read these words over and over until he seemed to feel them like coals burning into his heart. He sat on the high accountant's stool at his desk with bowed head, pondering upon them until his wife became alarmed, and crossed over the street to the store to see what had detained him. He heard her tap gently at the locked door, and, opening it, drew her in.

Pointing to that last verse, the letters of which now seemed to him to stand up from the crumpled page, he asked her, with trembling voice and blanched face, "What shall my lot be at the end of the days?"

"Alas, my husband, that you should ask me such a question, and that I should be utterly unable to help you!" she replied, bending in turn over the leaf. "This verse has marginal references, I see, to Isaiah and to the Psalms and to Revelation. Let us look them up," and she turned to the coverless, mutilated old Bible. He knew nothing, and she very little, of the order of the books, but after considerable search they found that the two first named books were missing. Presently they came to Revelation and eagerly read the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works shall follow them."

"I have done no works that I could wish to follow me," said the husband. "That is one great proof to me that it is wrong to lead such a life as we do. I believe the scales are dropping from my eyes. If what little we have now read in the Bible be true, and we should die as we are, should we not be among those mentioned here in the second verse on this page, 'some to shame and everlasting contempt'?"

"I do not know," said the wife again, and weeping now. "But I do believe this is God's holy word, and that, even in what there is left of it, we can find out how to live so that we may know how to die."

"We will indeed seek for it then," said John Moulton, "and we will never stop studying this Bible until we have found out the true way to live and to die." And carefully placing the remnant of the soiled, mutilated Book into a basket in which were a few little articles for their own household use, he carried it back again across the street to their dwelling.

He was as good as his word. The precious Bible was studied, first the old, torn one and then a new and perfect copy, until the way of life and salvation was found; and his wife was only too glad to join him in the now sweet exercise of prayer, that unspeakable privilege of mortals which the Bible so plainly points out and enjoins, and in walking in the heavenly way.

And so that old family Bible finally accomplished its mission, and all there was left of it, up to the time of that providential protest of the stranger customer, lies to this day under a newer and handsomer copy on John Moulton's parlor-table.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

SUCCESS.

Swarms of young men and women have just graduated from our public schools and colleges, a great majority of whom must go to work at once to earn a living. Many of them have already selected their vocations. Others have not made a decision, and have no outlook. Most of these young graduates are more or less anxious concerning their future. All of them desire to be of the happy number who succeed in life.

It is a great thing to succeed. A fair success in business is worth all it commonly costs of devotion and industry. And there is, at least one way by which success may ordinarily be attained; and that is by learning how to do something that people want done; by doing it well, and striving each day to do it better.

If you are a doctor, you should seek to be the best doctor of your neighborhood. Even if you sell fish, you should be sure to deliver them fresh, in nice order at the most convenient time, and for a fair price. Yours should be the neatest store, where the promptest attention is given to customers, and where the greatest variety of fish sold in your neighborhood can be found. If you are so unfortunate as to publish a paper, never rest until you have made it the best of its kind in the world. You probably never will place it at the head, but you must always seek for that result. If you do your paper will be a success.

Sixty years ago, Peter Cooper kept a little grocery store in the Bowery, New York, within a few yards of the spot where the Cooper institute now stands. A man came into his store one day, and said—

"I built a glue factory for my son. He can't make it go. I'll sell it to you for two thousand dollars."

Upon enquiry, Peter Cooper found that all the best glue came from Russia, and brought a high price, while the glue made in New York was very poor stuff, and was sold at a rate that forbade all chance of profit. He said to himself—

"Why can't glue be made as good in quality here in America as in Russia? I think it can be. I'll try."

He bought the factory. Then he commenced studying the process by which glue is made. He tried endless experiments; superintended every boiling himself; kept trying for years, always improving his product, until Peter Cooper's glue commanded the highest price, and literally ruled the market.

What he did with glue, Gillot did with pens, Jonas Chickering with the piano, Fairbanks with scales; and, if you succeed fairly and handsomely, you must do just so with something.

ANGRY PUNISHMENT.

I remember once, when quite a small child, of being on a visit with my mother at the house of a lady, whose daughter, and little two year old grandchild, and elderly aunt, were among the guests. The child was very much indulged, and consequently, was very wilful. Some trifle was not just to his liking, and he threw himself backward upon the floor, and kicked and screamed for a long time, in spite of his mother's coaxings and pleadings, and his grandmother's offerings of sweetmeats and toys.

At length, the grandmother's patience gave out. "Laura," she said to her daughter, "you must punish him; there is no other way."

Laura continued her coaxings for a while longer, with the same success. Her mother again advised punishment.

"I cannot," almost sobbed the young mother, with her eyes filled with tears. "If I could feel angry with him, I could do it, but I do not."

"Laura," said the elderly lady, her great aunt, "never punish your child while angry. If you cannot govern yourself, it were folly to attempt governing him. I recollect punishing one of my children while angry. I did not punish him more severely than I should have done at another time, but I never forgave myself for it. I regret it to this day."

I do not remember how the difficulty was settled, but the above incident I never forgot.

Wilful parents almost invariably have wilful children. Some parents consider a temper the worst evil that can befall a child, and it must be "broken" at all hazards. Often the process of "breaking" develops passion and evils compared to which the original temper was a virtue, and which will ultimately be his ruin. In another child the same method will so destroy his spirit that in all his after life he will be a nonentity, having no will of his own, dependent upon some one who has a "temper" and influenced so easily that it only depends on his associations, whether his life be for good or ill. Temper is a good thing. It is will. But it must be governed, kept under control. Reason must be used. Don't let us mistake our own tempers for independence, self-respect, and other good qualities. Let us analyze our own feelings and passions with impartiality, before attempting to correct the same faults in our children. Remember what our Saviour said about the mote in the brother's eye. I think it is as applicable to parents in their bearing toward children as in a more theological sense, of church people toward each other.—*Household.*

THE IDIOSYNCRASIES of the English language are no better illustrated than in the following doggerel which is sailing around the newspapers:

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
The plural of goose is not gooses nor geeses;
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, and not mouses.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice;
But the plural of house should be houses, not hice.
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet;
But the plural of root should be roots and not reet.

WASHINGTON was punctilious in exacting promptness from all his officers. On one occasion, the column was ordered to move at six o'clock in the morning. Washington was present before the time, but the marshal of the day, supposing that the hour was too early to start, was tardy in appearing. Washington looked at his watch nervously, waited a moment or two after six, and then ordered the column to move. Some time after, the marshal rode furiously to the front, making many apologies for the delay. Washington replied pleasantly, "It is our custom to ask, not if the leader but if the hour has come."

Question Corner.—No. 13.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR WEEKLY MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing others always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

145. Who presented his brother with five changes of raiment?
146. Who saw abundance of provisions, after a famine and was prevented from eating any?
147. Who was Caleb?
148. How old was he when he obtained Hebron for an inheritance?
149. What king in despair sacrificed his eldest son?
150. Who left the plough in order to follow a prophet?
151. What prophet when he was enquired of by the king asked for a minstrel to be brought to play before him?
152. What celebrated prophets were contemporary with Ahab?
153. By what two prophets were the waters of the Jordan divided?
154. What woman attempted to utterly destroy the prophets of the Lord?
155. What relation was Mordecai to Esther?
156. To what tribe did Daniel belong?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A village in Galilee where Christ performed His first miracle.
2. A city of Syria where the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians.
3. A city in Macedonia where a church was gathered by Paul and Silas, the first apostolic labor on European ground.
4. A village a few miles northwest of Jerusalem where Jesus on the eve of His resurrection, accompanied two of the disciples to their home, and was revealed to them in the breaking of bread.
5. A city where Paul remained in custody of a soldier for two years in his own hired house.
6. A city in Greece where Jesus raised to life the widow's son.
7. A city of Galilee where Paul preached, and reproving the inhabitants for their idolatry and superstition, was summoned before the Areopagus.
8. The birthplace of Abraham.
9. A field and cave purchased by Abraham for a burial-place, where he and his wife and several of his children were buried.

These initials compose the name of a city where our Saviour often resided, and where many of his wonderful works were done.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

121. Jeremiah. Jer. xlii. 5.
122. Deborah, Rebekah's nurse. Gen. xxxv. 8.
123. Ahab. 1 Kings xxii. 39.
124. By Ezra. Neh. viii. 4.
125. Abraham buying the cave of Macpelah. Gen. xxiii. 3.
126. For a burying place for Sarah. Gen. xxiii. 1, 9.
127. In the reign of Solomon. 2 Chron. i. 15.
128. Asked of God. 1 Sam. i. 20.
129. Joash. 2 Chron. xxiv. 8.
130. For repairing the temple. 2 Chron. xxiv. 1, 13.
131. Judah. Gen. xliv. 33.
132. Benjamin. 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.

TRANSPOSED BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not.
2. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep.
3. Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.
4. Doth our law judge any man before it hear him and know what he doeth.
5. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again.
6. Ye yourselves bear witness that I said I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before Him.
7. For Jesus Himself testified that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.
8. And herein is that saying true, one soweth and another reapeth.
9. Then said they unto Him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.
10. Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on Him?
11. Even as Abraham believed God and it was accounted to him for righteousness.
12. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
13. And ye will not come to me that ye might have life.
14. Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.
15. Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool, for He is holy.
16. One Lord, one faith, one Baptism.
17. Not of works, lest any man should boast.
18. Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

Initials, "I and my Father are one."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 11.—P. J. Hunter, 8 ac; Annie Clyde Hunter, 8.

To No. 10.—Annie D Burr, 11; Alexander George Burr, 11; A. Fulton Johnson, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

REVISED VERSION.

[We will from this time give the Revised Version of the lesson, believing that most schools have the authorized version in a different shape to which they can refer. We do not like the idea of scholars making their lesson slips a substitute for the Bible. The lessons should be taught out of the leaves of the Bible itself, and the scholars encouraged to familiarize themselves with it.]

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON III.

July 16, 1882.] [Mark 10: 32-45.

SUFFERING AND SERVICE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 42-45.

And they were in the way, going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus was going before them; and they were amazed; and they that followed were afraid. And he took again the twelve, and began to tell them the things that were 32
to happen unto him, saying, Behold we go up 33
to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests and the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him unto the Gentiles; and they shall mock him, and shall spit upon him, and 34
shall scourge him, and shall kill him; and after three days he shall rise again.

And there came near unto him, James and 35
John, the sons of Zebedee, saying unto him Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall ask of thee. And he said 36
unto them, What would ye that I should do for you? And they said unto him, Grant unto 37
us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and one on thy left hand, in thy glory. But Jesus 38
said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink? or to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? And they said unto him, We are able. 39
And Jesus said unto them, The cup that I drink ye shall drink; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized; but to sit on my right hand or on my 40
left hand is not mine to give; but it is for them for whom it hath been prepared. And when 41
the ten heard it, they began to be moved with indignation concerning James and John. And 42
Jesus called them to him, and said unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them; and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it is not so among you: but whosoever 43
would become great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever would be first 44
among you, shall be servant of all. For verily 45
the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."—Mark 10: 45.

TOPIC.—The Way to Glory.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE WAY CHRIST WAS GOING. 2. THE WAY THE DISCIPLES WISHED TO GO. 3. THE TRUE WAY.

Time.—March, A.D. 30. Place.—Perea, probably not far from the fords of Jordan.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. THE WAY CHRIST WAS GOING.—(32-34.) Parallel passages, Matt. 20: 17-19; Luke 18: 31-34. V. 32. AMAZED—at such strange eagerness to meet almost certain death. AFRAID—for his safety and their own. There seems to have been something in his appearance and manner that awed them. BEGAN TO TELL—for the third time, and more clearly than before. V. 33. DELIVERED—betrayed by Judas. PRIESTS....SCRIBES—the council of the Sanhedrim. CONDEMNED TO DEATH—he now for the first time revealed the manner of his death, that he should be crucified (Matt. 20: 19), and that on the third day he should rise again. With the certainty of a violent death before him, he "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." "He endured" in prospect "the cross, despising the shame."

II. THE WAY THE DISCIPLES WISHED TO GO.—(35-41). Parallel passages, Matt. 20: 20-23. V. 35. JAMES AND JOHN—from Matthew we learn that their request was offered through Salome their mother. They still clung to their false ideas of a worldly kingdom, and their request was that they might hold the first places of honor under him as the King. They were dreaming of earthly honors; he told them of a cup of bitterness and a baptism of blood. YE KNOW NOT—you know not what your request involves—that you suffer as I suffer. Are you ready for that? V. 39. WE CAN—they were confident of their ability to endure with Christ in his trial-hour. YE SHALL—this was literally fulfilled. James was the first of the apostles to suffer death (Acts 12: 2); John the last to die, and therefore given to drink longest of the cup of suffering. V. 40. IS NOT MINE TO GIVE—the Revised Version reads the following clause, "but it is for them for whom it hath been prepared." In the giving of rewards and punishments, as in everything else, Christ executes the Father's will. V. 41. MUCH DISPLEASED—because, as they thought, James and John had tried to deprive them of their share in the honors of the new kingdom.

III. THE TRUE WAY DESCRIBED.—(42-45). Parallel passage, Matt. 20: 24-28. V. 42. EXERCISE LORDSHIP—earthly kings lord it over their subjects, and those in authority under them use it more tyrannically than their chiefs. But you must have a different spirit. V. 44. SERVANT OF ALL—most active in doing good to his fellow-disciples. V. 45. FOR EVEN THE SON OF MAN—what he required of them was what he did himself. He had spent his life in the humblest ministrations, and was now about to give it as a ransom for many.

TEACHINGS:

1. Christ freely and understandingly gave himself up to die for us.
2. Ambition is blind, and knows not what it wants.
3. "Before honor is humil'ty."
4. If we would reign with Christ, we must be willing to suffer with him.
5. He is first among Christ's followers, who is most faithfully his servant and his people's servant.

REMEMBER that the whole of Christ's life on earth was a life of living service, and that those who are most like him in service shall be nearest him in glory. We must do life's lowly work if we would rise to heavenly honor.

LESSON IV.

July 23, 1882.] [Mark 10: 46-52.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 46-52.

And they come to Jericho: and as he went 46
out from Jericho, with his disciples and a great multitude, the son of Timæus, Bartimæus, a blind beggar, was sitting by the wayside. And 47
when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. And many re- 48
buked him, that he should hold his peace; but he cried out the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus stood 49
still, and said, Call ye him. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good cheer: rise, he calleth thee. And he, casting 50
away his garment, sprang up, and came to Jesus. And Jesus answered him, and said, 51
What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? And the blind man said unto him, Rabboni, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus 52
said unto him, Go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole. And straightway he received his sight, and followed him in the way.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The eyes of the blind shall be opened."—Isa. 35: 5.

TOPIC.—Christ Giving Sight.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE BLIND MAN'S CRY. 2. CHRIST'S GRACIOUS ANSWER.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY. — As Jesus approached Jericho two blind men sitting by the wayside begging addressed him as the Son of David and besought him to restore their sight. He healed them, and they followed him. Our lesson today gives us an account of the healing of one of these men. It shows us how ready Jesus was to hear the cry of distress.

I. THE BLIND MAN'S CRY.—(46-48). V. 46. JERICHO—a city on the west side of the deep Jordan valley, about twenty miles east-northeast from Jerusalem, seven miles from where the Jordan enters the Dead Sea. BLIND BARTIMEUS—son of Timeus. Matthew mentions two blind men. Mark and Luke speak only of the more prominent one. Blindness is very common in that hot, dry country, as is also wayside begging. V. 47. HE BEGAN TO CRY OUT—he had heard of Jesus, and knew that he had opened the eyes of the blind. He could not see Jesus, but hoped his voice would be heard. JESUS, SON OF DAVID—this was the common title of the Messiah. To the multitude he was only Jesus of Nazareth; to the heart of this wayside beggar he was Jesus the divine Messiah. How much better the blind man saw than those who had full use of their eyes! HAVE MERCY ON ME—Jesus was his only hope, so he cried out in earnest and with faith; just so should we cry to the only Saviour. V. 48. MANY CHARGED HIM—why should a blind beggar trouble the Prophet? CRIED THE MORE—he was in earnest, and would not be stopped.

II. CHRIST'S GRACIOUS ANSWER.—(49-52). V. 49. JESUS STOOD STILL—Jesus never was in too great haste to listen to the cry of distress. COMMANDED HIM TO BE CALLED—no one crying for mercy is ever repulsed. V. 50. CASTING AWAY HIS GARMENT—the outer garment; his cloak by day and his covering by night. If he wanted to move rapidly, it would be in his way. So the penitent must cast off all that hinders his free approach to Jesus. Phil. 3: 7. ROSE UP AND CAME TO JESUS—so the prodigal rose and came to his father. So we must rise and come in love and faith to Jesus. V. 51. RECEIVE MY SIGHT—he asked not food or raiment or money, but the greater blessing which only Jesus could give. He cried, he ran, he asked at once for what he most needed. So should we go to Jesus, and for that which he alone can give—pardon and spiritual sight. V. 52. THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE—because it had brought him to Jesus, whose power had healed him.

REMEMBER that Jesus of Nazareth is even now passing by. He is very near to you, and will hear and answer your prayer if you now cry to him. Blind Bartimeus took the time when Jesus was passing by; what if he had waited until the next day? What if you put off your call until to-morrow?

LESSON V.

July 30, 1882.] Mark 11: 1-11.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 7-10.

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, 1
unto Bethpage and Bethany, at the mount of Olives, he sendeth two of his disciples, and 2
saith unto them, Go your way into the village that is over against you: and straightway as ye enter into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him, and bring him. And if any one say unto you, Why do 3
ye this? say ye, The Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him back hither. And they went away, and found a colt tied 4
at the door without in the open street; and they loose him. And certain of them that 5
stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt? And they said unto them even 6
as Jesus had said: and they let them go. And they bring the colt unto Jesus, and cast on 7
him their garments: and he sat upon him. And many spread their garments upon the 8
way; and others branches, which they had cut from the fields. And they that went be- 9
fore, and they that followed, cried, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Blessed is the kingdom that cometh, 10
the kingdom of our father David; Hosanna in the highest.

And he entered into Jerusalem, into the 11
temple; and when he had looked round about upon all things, it being now eventide, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee."—Zech. 9: 9.

TOPIC.—Christ as a King.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE BRINGING OF THE COLT. 2. THE JOYOUS PROCESSION. 3. THE ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY.

Time.—Sunday, April 2, A.D. 30. Places.—Bethany, Jerusalem.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—After healing the blind men our Lord entered Jericho and spent the night at the house of Zaccheus the publican. The next day he continued his journey, and reached Bethany. There he remained for the night. The next day, the Sabbath (Saturday), he spent in Bethany, where Simon made him a supper, at which his disciples and Lazarus and his sisters were present and he was anointed by Mary. During the afternoon many came from Jerusalem to see him and Lazarus, and some believed on him. The rulers in the city, hearing this, consulted how they might put Lazarus also to death. The next day, the first day of the week, he entered Jerusalem, as described in this lesson.

I. THE BRINGING OF THE COLT.—(1-6). Parallel passages, Matt. 21: 1-7; Luke 19: 29-35. V. 1. BETHPHAGE—a village not far from Bethany. BETHANY—a village about two miles from Jerusalem, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. Here Martha and Mary and Lazarus lived. V. 2. THE VILLAGE OVER AGAINST YOU—Bethphage. A COLT—a young ass. Matthew mentions the mother, but Mark and Luke the colt only. WHEREON NEVER MAN SAT—animals never yet worked were used for sacred purposes Num. 19: 2; Deut. 21: 3; 1 Sam. 6: 7. V. 3. THE LORD—the term by which Jesus was known to his disciples. HE WILL SEND THEM—a promise to the owner to return the colt when the Master was done with it. V. 4. BY THE DOOR—of its owner's house. WHERE TWO WAYS MEET—rather, "in the open street." V. 5. CERTAIN OF THEM—in Luke, "the owners." V. 6. THEY LET THEM GO—permitted them to do as Jesus had commanded. Matthew and John here add that this was in fulfilment of ancient prophecy. Isa. 62; 11; Zech. 9: 9.

II. THE JOYOUS PROCESSION.—(7-10). Parallel passages, Matt. 21: 8-10; Luke 19: 36-38; John 12: 12-18. V. 7. THEIR GARMENTS—the loose outer garments, or cloaks. This was done as a token of honor. 2 Kings 9: 13. V. 8. MANY—in Matthew, "a very great multitude." This was a common mode of showing honor to kings on entering cities. So now, on state occasions and at great weddings, carpets are spread. BRANCHES—of palm. John 12: 13. The palm was an emblem of joy and victory. V. 9. HOSANNA—a Hebrew word meaning "save now." First it was a prayer, and then a joyful shout, especially at the feast of tabernacles. THAT COMETH—the coming One, the Messiah. V. 10. OF OUR FATHER—of Him who reigns on the throne of David. IN THE HIGHEST—by saints and angels in heaven. (See Psalm 148: 2.) Luke tells us that amid these triumphal hosannas Jesus wept over the city—wept because his people had rejected him as their Messiah, and because he foresaw the terrible doom in store for the city and the nation. Luke 19: 41.

III. THE ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY.—(11). V. 11. ENTERED INTO JERUSALEM—he had referred to this triumphal entry months before, while he was yet in Perea. (See Luke 13: 35.) AND INTO THE TEMPLE (see Mal. 3: 1)—not yet to cleanse it by driving out the buyers and sellers, but by a silent assertion of his authority to take possession of it as his Father's house. EVEN-TIDE—evening-time. WENT OUT—from the temple and city. UNTO BETHANY—probably to the house of Lazarus his friend. This was the quiet refuge to which he often went after a day of excitement and struggle among the people. Here he always found kindly affection and sweet peace.

TEACHINGS:

1. Jesus sees and knows all things.
2. It is our duty to obey him at once. When he commands there should be no delay.
3. We should be ready to give up our property to honor him.
4. It should be our joy to honor him. He reins, and shall reign forever. Let us be joyful in our King.

REMEMBER that Jesus deserves and requires the homage of your heart, your lips and your lives. Enthrone him in your heart and honor him with your best love. If you truly say Hosanna on earth, you shall join in singing Hallelujah in heaven.

SOUR MASH.—When men are made more moral or virtuous by compulsion of law, then we shall grow cucumbers in December and gather roses in January.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*—When editorial noggins are filled with "sour mash" instead of brains, we always have just such bar room nonsense as the above. The *Commercial* knows that the good people of Ohio neither seek nor desire to make men moral or virtuous by compulsion of law, and it knows it deliberately and wickedly tries either to deceive the good or please the bad in the foregoing remark.—*West Virginia Freeman.*

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